NUMB. XIX.

The GUARDIAN.

Ne te ſemper inops agitet vexetque Cupido;
Ne Pavor, & rerum mediocriter utilium Spes. Hor.

Thurſday, April 2. 1713.

IT was prettily obſerved by ſome body concerning the great Vices, that there are three which give Pleaſure, as Covetouſneſs, Gluttony and Luſt; one, which taſts of nothing but Pain, as Envy; the reſt have a Mixture of Pleaſure and Pain, as Anger and Pride. But when a Man conſiders the State of his own Mind, about which every Member of the Chriſtian World is ſuppoſed at this time to be employed, he will find that the beſt Defence againſt Vice is preſerving the worthieſt Part of his own Spirit pure from any great Offence againſt it. There is a Magnanimity which makes us look upon our ſelves with Diſdain, after we have been betray'd by ſudden Deſire, Opportunity of Gain, the Abſence of a Perſon who excels us, the Fault of a Servant, or the ill Fortune of an Adverſary, into the Gratification of Luſt, Covetouſneſs, Envy Rage or Pride; when the more ſublime Part of our Souls is kept alive, and we have not repeated Infirmities till they are become vicious Habits.

The Vice of Covetouſneſs is what enters deepeſt into the Soul of any other; and you may have ſeen Men, otherwiſe the moſt agreeable Creatures in the World, ſo ſeized with the Deſire of being richer, that they ſhall ſtartle at indifferent things, and live in a continual Guard and Watch over themſelves from a remote Fear of Expence. No pious Man can be ſo circumſpect in the Care of his Conſcience, as the covetous Man is in that of his Pocket.

If a Man would preſerve his own Spirit, and his natural Approbation of higher and more worthy Purſuits, he could never fall into this Littleneſs, but his Mind would be ſtill open to Honour and Virtue, in ſpite of Infirmities and Relapſes. But what extremely diſcourages me in my Precautions as a GUARDIAN is, that there is an univerſal Defection from the Admiration of Virtue. Riches and outward Splendor have taken up the Place of it; and no Man thinks he is mean, if he is not poor. But alas! this deſpicable Spirit debaſes our very Being, and makes our Paſſions take a new Turn from their Natural Bent.

It was a Cauſe of great Sorrow and Melancholy to me ſome Nights ago at a Play, to ſee a Crowd in the Habits of the Gentry of *England* ſtupid to the nobleſt Sentiments we have. The Circumſtance happened in the Scene of Diſtreſs betwixt *Piercy* and *Anna Bullen*: One of the Centinels who ſtood on the Stage, to prevent the Diſorders which the moſt unmanly Race of young Men that ever were ſeen in any Age frequently raiſe in Publick Aſſemblies, upon *Peircy*'s beſeeching to be heard, burſt into Tears; upon which the greater Part of the Audience fell into a loud and ignorant Laughter; which others, who were touched with the liberal Compaſſion in the poor Fellow, could hardly ſuppreſs by their clapping. But the Man, without the leaſt Confuſion or Shame in his Countenance for what had happened, wiped away the Tears, and was ſtill intent upon the Play. The Diſtreſs ſtill riſing, the Soldier was ſo much moved, that he was obliged to turn his Face from the Audience, to their no ſmall Merriment. *Piercy* had the Gallantry to take Notice of his honeſt Heart; and, as I am told, gave him a Crown to help him in his Affliction. It is certain this poor Fellow, in his humble Condition, had ſuch a lively Compaſſion as a Soul unwedded to the World; were it otherwiſe, gay Lights and Dreſſes, with Appearances of People of Faſhion and Wealth, to which his Fortune could not be familiar, would have taken up all his Attention and Admiration.

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(Price Two Pence.)